



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3433 07601325 3

*Songs  
Of  
Wedlock*  
T. A. Daly



NBI  
Daily  
Copy



---

## SONGS OF WEDLOCK

---



# SONGS OF WEDLOCK

BY  
**T. A. DALY**  
AUTHOR OF  
"CANZONI" AND "MADRIGALI"



PHILADELPHIA  
**DAVID MCKAY**  
604-608 South Washington Square  
1916

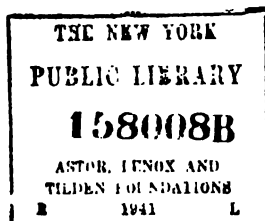
*R. B. P.*



---

**COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY DAVID McKAY**

---



---

TO N. B. D.

---

WQR 19 FEB '36



---

## CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
THE PERFECT SOLITUDE.....	9
WHEN DAY BEGINS.....	10
TO A THRUSH.....	11
THE JOURNEY.....	15
IN WINTRY WEATHER.....	16
INSCRIPTION FOR A FIREPLACE.....	18
THE MOTHER.....	19
A SONG FOR JANUARY.....	20
INSPIRATION.....	21
THE SANCTUM.....	22
PERENNIAL MAY.....	23
AT THE THRESHOLD.....	24
HER MUSIC.....	25
THE CITADEL.....	26
A SONG FOR AUGUST.....	28
LOVE IS ETERNAL.....	29
THE QUEEN'S FLEETS.....	30
THE LIVING-ROOM.....	32
A SONG FOR NOVEMBER.....	33
TO THE INCONSTANT.....	34
THE GATES OF PARADISE.....	35
NOVEMBER.....	36
AT THE OPERA.....	37
THE MAN'S PRAYER.....	38
THE TRUE VISION.....	39
A SONG FOR DECEMBER.....	40

### IN KINDRED KEYS

ALL'S WELL.....	43
TO A VIOLINIST.....	44
TO THE CITY UNBEAUTIFUL.....	46
A SONG FOR FEBRUARY.....	48
THE BIRTH-MONTH.....	49
A SONG FOR JUNE.....	50
THE VETERAN MARCHING ALONE.....	51
THE BIRTH O' TAM O' SHANTER.....	54

---

---

## CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
SUMMER'S SWAN-SONG.....	59
A SUMMER IDYL.....	60
"ADA REHAN IS DEAD".....	63
YESTERDAY'S RAIN.....	65
BALLADE OF THE SEA.....	67
THE SONG OF THE MARCH WIND.....	69
FLAG O' MY LAND.....	70
DARBY AND JOAN.....	71
THE VILLAGE POET.....	73
SMITH OF COMPANY B.....	74
IN LOCKERBIE STREET .....	76

---

## THE PERFECT SOLITUDE

---

WHEN, sick at heart and weary of my kind  
And of the day-long traffic, I would find  
The peace and healing touch of solitude,  
I envy no lone eremite who stands,  
Sealed up with silence on the desert sands,  
Where never murmurs of the world intrude.  
I know a sweeter place, a holier bower  
For the enshrining of the quiet hour.

Mine is a solitude that two may share,  
A lamp-lit table, with an easy chair  
At either end, a friendly book for each,  
And—save for clock-ticks pulsing in the room—  
Sweet silence; but a silence that may bloom,  
At her will or at mine, to loving speech.  
This is the dearest place, the holiest bower  
For the enshrining of the quiet hour.

---

WHEN DAY BEGINS

---

WHEN doth the light of day begin,  
And what far gates first let it in?  
The calm deep blue of morning skies  
Doth greet me earliest from your eyes;  
My first warm glint of sunlight flashes  
Across the soft gold of your lashes;  
And the first breath of day that thrills  
'Twixt dawn-flushed sky and waking hills,  
O'er pure mid-ocean's foam-flecked reaches,  
O'er spume-swept rocks and silvern beaches,  
To the near fields whose chaliced blooms  
Catch and distill the winds' perfumes  
To honey-dew that wild bees sip,  
    Is not so pure,  
    So quick, so sure  
As the warm kiss upon your lip—  
The golden kiss which is the key  
That opes the day for me.

---

TO A THRUSH

---

SING clear, O! throstle,  
Thou golden-tongued apostle  
And little brown-frooked brother  
Of the loved Assisian!  
Sing courage to the mother,  
Sing strength into the man,  
For they, who in another May  
Trode Hope's scant wine from grapes of pain,  
Have tasted in thy song to-day  
The bitter-sweet red lees again.  
To them in whose sad May-time thou  
Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough,  
To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,  
O! prophet then, be prophet now  
And paraclete!

That fateful May! The pregnant vernal night  
Was throbbing with the first faint pangs of day,  
The while with ordered urge toward life and light,  
Earth-atoms countless groped their destined way;  
And one full-winged to fret  
Its tender oubliette,  
The warding mother-heart above it woke.  
Darkling she lay in doubt, then, sudden wise,  
Whispered her husband's drowsy ear and broke  
The estranging seal of slumber from his eyes:  
"My hour is nigh: arise!"



---

TO A THRUSH

---

Already, when, with arms for comfort linked,  
The lovers at an eastward window stood,  
The rosy day, in cloudy swaddlings, blinked  
Through misty green new-fledged in Wister Wood.  
Breathless, upon this birth  
The still-entranced earth  
Seemed brooding, motionless in windless space.  
Then rose thy priestly chant, O! holy bird!  
And heaven and earth were quickened with its grace;  
To tears two wedded souls were moved who heard,  
And one, unborn, was stirred!

O! Comforter, enough that from thy green  
Hid tabernacle in the wood's recess  
To those care-haunted lovers thou, unseen,  
Shouldst send thy flame-tipped song to cheer and bless.  
Enough for them to hear  
And feel thy presence near;  
And yet when he, regardful of her ease,  
Had led her back by brightening hall and stair  
To her own chamber's quietude and peace,  
One maple-bowered window shook with rare,  
Sweet song—and thou wert there!

---

TO A THRUSH

---

Hunter of souls! the loving chase so nigh  
Those spirits twain had never come before.  
They saw the sacred flame within thine eye;  
To them the maple's depths quick glory wore,  
As though God's hand had lit  
His altar fire in it,  
And made a fane, of virgin verdure pleached,  
Wherefrom thou might'st in numbers musical  
Expound the age-sweet words thy Francis preached  
To thee and thine, of God's benignant thrall  
That broodeth over all.

And they, athirst for comfort, sipped thy song,  
But drank not yet thy deeper homily.  
Not yet, but when parturient pangs grew strong,  
And from its cell the young soul struggled free—  
A new joy, trailing grief,  
A little crumpled leaf,  
Blighted before it bourgeoned from the stem—  
Thou, as the fabled robin to the rood,  
Wert minister of charity to them;  
And from the shadows of sad parenthood  
They heard and understood.

---

TO A THRUSH

---

Makes God one soul a lure for snaring three?  
Ah! surely; so this nursling of the nest,  
This teen-touched joy, ere birth anoint of thee,  
Yet bears thy chrismal music in her breast.  
Five Mays have come and sped  
Above her sunny head,  
And still the happy song abides in her.  
For though on maimèd limbs the body creeps,  
It doth a spirit house whose pinions stir  
Familiarly the far cerulean steeps  
Where God His mansion keeps.

So come, O! throstle,  
Thou golden-tongued apostle  
And little brown-frocked brother  
Of the loved Assisian!  
Sing courage to the mother,  
Sing strength into the man,  
That she who in another May  
Came out of heaven, trailing care,  
May never know that sometimes gray  
Earth's roof is and its cupboards bare.  
To them in whose sad May-time thou  
Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough,  
To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,  
O! prophet then, be prophet now  
And paraclete!

---

## THE JOURNEY

---

You are so brave, so loyal and so true!  
You bring such sunshine to the last farewell  
When some far duty calls me forth from you,  
What fears consume your heart I cannot tell;  
Not mine to know what prayers or teardrops pour  
From your pent heart, when you have closed  
the door.  
But this I know: How long, how far I roam,  
My honor and my babes are safe with you  
And light and sweetness shall illumine our home;  
You are so brave, so true!

You are so brave, so loyal and so true,  
I should be worse than craven did I fail  
To make the last long kiss I had from you  
My knightly sword and shield and triple mail.  
You cannot see, through leagues of space that part,  
If passion or if peace be in my heart,  
But this believe: How long, how far I roam,  
Whate'er my mind may plan or hands may do,  
I would be worthy to be welcomed home  
By you, so brave, so true!

---

IN WINTRY WEATHER

---

WHAT was the impulse wild that led us forth  
That boist'rous night,  
When to the gusty wooing of the North  
The world lay white,  
And trees in icy mail  
Gave battle to the gale  
That armed them so?  
What spell impelled us, dear,  
To quit our ingle's cheer  
To frolic in the snow?

O! Youth! O! wild, sweet fire  
That burnest brighter, higher,  
With strong and pure desire  
At touch of wintry weather,  
With equal flame inspire  
My love and me together!

What of the pale, gray years that are to come  
Upon us twain?  
When nights tempestuous then rage 'round  
our home  
Will we be fain  
To pluck with fingers chill  
From Winter's heart the thrill  
That now we know?  
Shall either care, my dear,  
To quit our ingle's cheer  
To frolic in the snow?

---

IN WINTRY WEATHER

---

O! Age, when Youth is over,  
And we, old wife and lover,  
About this hearthstone hover  
    In wild and wintry weather,  
With peaceful mem'ries cover  
    My love and me together!

---

INSCRIPTION FOR A FIREPLACE

---

I'm Home's heart! Warmth I give and light,  
If you but feed me.  
I blossom in the winter night,  
When most you need me.

To melt your cares, to warm your guest,  
My cheer's supplied you;  
But, O! to know me at my best,  
Hold Her beside you!

---

THE MOTHER

---

SHE was so frail, my little one,  
She had not yet begun to stir  
Her tiny limbs; from sun to sun,  
This breast, these arms maternal were  
The bounded universe for her.

But now far spaces feel her might,  
And sad, sweet thoughts of her arise  
With every sun; she stirs the night  
With sighing winds, and from the skies  
She looks at me with starry eyes.



---

A SONG FOR JANUARY

---

A NEW door opens to the fresh, sweet air,  
And one swings shut behind us.  
Time still is ours! but in the darkness there  
We've left a little joy, a little care,  
Whose ghosts alone go with us to remind us.  
How transitory pleasure is and pain,  
How brief may be our faring ere we gain  
One quiet nook—our own for evermore—  
And next year may not find us  
With eager feet before its opening door  
When this swings shut behind us.

But cheer! Sing cheer  
To the glad New Year!  
Come, blend your voice in the chorus!  
Ho! what care we  
Where the shut doors be?  
Here's an opening door before us!

---

INSPIRATION

---

"GOOD NIGHT," and then your candle's feeble flare  
Went glimmering up the stair;

A door closed and the house was still,  
Slow, hour by hour, the night grew old,  
And from the smouldering hearth the cold

Stole forth and laid its chill  
On fingers weary of the pen,  
On heart and brain that had been fain

To make a song of cheer.  
For, oh, the summer warm and bright  
You conjured in the winter night  
Went upward with your candlelight,  
Went with you up the stair.

---

THE SANCTUM

---

LORD, God of love, the wedded heart's  
Sure Comforter,  
O! make mine pure in all its parts,  
For Thee and Her!  
Pour, Lord, the flood-tide of Thy grace  
Through all its chambers, and efface  
Each secret thought's abiding place.  
I pray Thee make  
One shrine of it, which Thou and she  
May jointly share, that it may be  
Open to her, Lord, as to Thee,  
For her dear sake.

Lord, God of love, who givest me  
Her heart of fire,  
Long keep it mine, but let it be  
Not mine entire.  
Though mine the honeyed tenderness,  
That wells therein to cheer and bless  
When joys elate or cares depress,  
I pray Thee make  
Thy secret shrine within its core.  
Let me before one close-sealed door  
Cry "Non sum dignus" o'er and o'er  
For her dear sake.

---

PERENNIAL MAY

---

MAY walks the earth again,  
This old earth, and the same  
Green spurts of tender flame  
Burn now on sod and tree  
That burned when first she came,  
Dear love, to you and me.  
If any change there be—  
A greater or a less  
Degree of loveliness—  
It is not ours to see,  
Dear love,  
Not ours to feel or see.

May thrills our hearts again,  
These old hearts, and the bough  
Burns not with blossoms now  
That blow more splendidly.  
For, since our wedded vow  
Made one of you and me,  
If any change there be—  
A greater or a less  
Degree of tenderness—  
It is not ours to see,  
Dear love,  
Not ours to feel or see.

---

AT THE THRESHOLD

---

CARES of the day, like a peddler's pack,  
Tawdry and profitless, weighing me down,  
Burdened my brain and my bended back  
As I turned to you out of the town.  
Listlessly, slowly, my laggard feet,  
Timed to the torpor of heart and brain,  
Brought me at length to the quiet street  
With the home-light warm at the pane.  
Then I shook my cares from their lingering hold  
And I laid them there in the outer cold  
Till the workaday morrow to rest,  
For these were things for the teeming mart,  
And not for your gentle breast, dear heart,  
Oh! not for your gentle breast.

Wearing a smile that my heart belied,  
Over the threshold I passed to you.  
What was the charm of our ingleside,  
Where we dreamed our old dreams anew?  
What was the spell of delight we wove  
Out of soft laughter and song and jest?  
Glamor of youth and the old, old love  
And the peace, of your quiet breast.  
And, behold! when the day is come once more,  
And I shoulder my cares at the outer door,  
What miracle sweet is this?  
All the burden I bear to the teeming mart  
Is light and sweet as your kiss, dear heart,  
Oh! sweet as your fragrant kiss.

---

HER MUSIC

---

THY soul was in thy fingers when they strayed  
Among the keys, at twilight hour to-night;  
Then, winging with the melody they made,  
It soared, by mine companioned, to the height  
Where holy Melancholy sat, arrayed  
One length in gloom and one all golden bright. \* \* \*  
Thy soul, returning, brought but shreds of shade;  
Mine filched the golden light.

Then, when I smiled and would not match thy mood  
With solemn speech, thou sought'st thy lonely bed.  
But that was hours ago, and thou hast wooed  
Forgetfulness with tears so softly shed.  
But I! How swift this June-night solitude  
Hath poured prophetic sorrow on my head.  
Here is my soul stripped bare, Promethean food  
For one sharp-taloned dread.

Death is a wholesome thing for inward thought,  
But not for mutual speech, dear heart.  
Oh! long may Azrael leave us twain unsought;  
But when he comes, I pray, not thine the part,  
Lorn lingerer in years with sadness fraught,  
To scent new-broken earth with such a start  
And pang of loss as June's sweet breezes brought  
To me to-night, dear heart.

---

THE CITADEL

---

IN dust of petty war  
My plume to-day was trailed:  
With barbs that pricked me sore  
My enemy assailed,  
And for the nonce prevailed.  
'Twas *his* day, I admit.  
But now the west has paled  
And here's an end of it.

My enemy—the fool!—  
Believes me beaten well.  
With boasts and ridicule  
His conquest let him tell;  
But when the shadows fell  
I rose up and withdrew  
To this my citadel—  
The quiet night and you!

Another day awaits  
Beyond the orient rim;  
But, ere it opes its gates,  
Your love shall mend my vim;  
One day's defeat shall dim  
Your faith in me no whit.  
This day belonged to him,  
But here's an end of it.

---

THE CITADEL

---

How fatuous this foe,  
Who wars in street and mart  
And hopes to lay me low,  
Yet hath no venom'd dart,  
Howe'er it bite and smart,  
To strike his hate unto  
This stronghold of my heart—  
The quiet night and you! .



---

A SONG FOR AUGUST

---

HERE's the year on the wane.  
There are signs in the sky,  
In the woods, on the plain,  
That its noon has gone by.  
But the harvest's to gain  
And the cool nights are nigh,  
When the year's on the wane.

Here's the year on the wane.  
There's a hawk in the blue;  
In the wheat a red stain  
Where the poppy peeps through.  
But there's bread in the grain  
And there's warmth o' love, too,  
When the year's on the wane.

Here's the year on the wane.  
From the night-shrouded hill,  
Comes the katydid's strain,  
And the wind's whistle shrill.  
But two hearts may contain  
All the spring's music still,  
When the year's on the wane.

---

LOVE IS ETERNAL

---

Love is eternal. It never can die.

Though we lull it with laughter or drug it with sorrow,  
Not the primeval sea, not the sun in the sky,

Not the reaches of space are so sure of a morrow.  
As the waters of ocean in vapor ascending,  
Then in rain-nourished streams through the green valleys  
wending

Have the ocean again for their ultimate winning,  
Shall not Love, through all changes, move on to its ending  
In the bosom of God, whence it had its beginning?

Love is immortal. It is not of earth.

Though ill fortune retard it, dear, what does it matter?  
Shall a harvest of roses be deemed of no worth

When the taint of each canker is purged in the attar?  
If earth's waters are purest through heaven's refining,  
Shall the ills of this world chill our love with repining?

Here we sow, but not here reap the meed of endeavor,  
For the fruits of our love, past all human divining,

In the bosom of God we shall harvest forever.

---

## THE QUEEN'S FLEETS

---

TAKE for thy throne, my queen, this niche my hand  
Hath carved for thee,  
Here in the gray breast of this dune of sand  
That fronts the sea.  
In sovereign state aloof, the solitude  
Hedging thee round, as once thy maidenhood,  
Make me no partner of thy thought or speech  
This hour when day and darkness meet,  
But count me merely jetsam of the beach,  
Here at thy feet.

It is mute beauty's hour. No late bird sings;  
Voiceless, serene,  
The sea dreams; Silence holds all lovely things—  
And thou art queen!  
For Silence, in the twilight's gold and red  
Behind thee, sets a crown upon thy head.  
Send forth, O Queen, thy fleets upon the main,  
Send forth thy daring fleets of thought,  
And let me wait to hail them home again  
With riches fraught.

---

## THE QUEEN'S FLEETS

---

By Fancy captained, send thy fleets afar  
To win the sea;  
Send them to know what spoils in ocean are,  
What mystery,  
What beauty in all things that "suffered change"  
In coral caves to "something rich and strange."  
Then bring them home and I with kingly might  
Will take their treasure, as it lies  
Safe-harbored in the starlit, purple night  
Of thy dear eyes.

---

## THE LIVING-ROOM

---

HERE throbs the home's deep heart!  
From these four walls the full, warm spirits start,  
Pulse through the halls, return, and richest bloom  
In this small room.  
For all who gather here when day is done,  
But, most of all, for her, the central One,  
    Whose great love to the whole doth warmth impart,  
As to the lesser planets doth the Sun,  
    Here throbs the home's deep heart.

This is a Queen's domain,  
And all her subjects, happy in her reign,  
Pray God she may, with her sweet woman's grace,  
Long bless this place.  
This is her court. The little airs that stir  
About the room are eloquent of her.  
    Each senseless thing whereon her hand hath lain  
Becomes in its own way a courtier.  
    This is a Queen's domain!

This is a holy spot.  
Ah! pity for the man who knows it not!  
But peace and holy calm, the light o' love  
Knows nothing of,  
The Queen's mate hath, when in the quiet night  
He broods alone beside his ingle's light.  
    He knows, when all his heart burns pure and hot  
With thoughts too sweet to speak aloud or write,  
    This is a holy spot!

---

A SONG FOR NOVEMBER

---

A GRAY old hag, in cloak and hood  
Of sombre gray,  
Gleaning gray twigs and bits of wood  
At close of day,  
November creeps across the land.  
Yet magic gifts are in her hand—  
Her fagots cold need but a spark  
And hearth-stone room,  
And warmth of June from out the dark  
Will burst to bloom.

Of foster-mothers tenderest,  
Close-harboring  
Earth's sleeping seeds within her breast  
Until the spring,  
Let gray November clasp the land.  
Yet from her lean but kindly hand  
Let us, dear heart, her fagots take,  
And on this stone  
A warm and cheery June-time make;  
Our own, our own!

---

TO THE INCONSTANT

---

YE are the dullards, and not I,  
Ye conscienceless philanderers!  
From one love to the next ye fly  
And are forever wanderers.  
O! poor, blind votaries of the chase,  
Ye deem me coldly dutiful  
Who, steadfast, watch one love-lit face  
Grow year by year more beautiful!

Each new love lives in your desire  
For but a moment's cherishing;  
Your passion is a smouldering fire  
That is forever perishing,  
That, seeking change, hath only found  
The ashes of satiety—  
While mine hath but begun to sound  
Its one love's sweet variety!

---

THE GATES OF PARADISE

---

THE gates of Paradise are double,  
And they are blue;  
Blue as the skies when no clouds trouble  
Their perfect hue;  
Blue as the calm face of the ocean  
When winds are still,  
And sunlight only is in motion  
To work its will.  
When skies are dull, the sea is lonely  
And moans or sleeps;  
The quick winds or the warm sun only  
May stir its deeps.

The gates of Paradise are double,  
And they are blue;  
They ope to love, but cold, gray trouble  
Will clang them to.  
Lord, give me strength that I who love them  
May live aright,  
And spread no tristful clouds above them  
To dim their light.  
By other paths may other mortals  
Win Paradise,  
But keep for me its clearest portals  
In her pure eyes.



---

NOVEMBER

---

JUNE is sweet, for then I found thee;  
But November, gray and cold,  
Weaves warm memories around thee,  
Spun of gold.

June a rose-time we remember,  
Ere the boy became the man;  
But in earnest with November  
Life began.

Still I see thee, as we threaded  
Gray woods under grayer skies;  
Strange new hopes and fears were wedded  
In thine eyes.

And when these had been translated  
Into awed and reverent speech,  
Stronglier then our souls were mated  
Each with each.

Deep with vernal promise laden,  
As with buds the leafless wood,  
Here was blossoming of the maiden—  
Womanhood.

Rich the memories now that hover  
'Round that day when Life began,  
And the lightheart boy, thy lover,  
Was a man.

---

AT THE OPERA

---

MUSIC that throbs with passion and with pain  
Hath power to touch me only in so far  
As intimate, dear memories live again  
In the remembered twinkling of a star,  
Or moonlight sleeping on a summer plain,  
Or seaward waters on the flooded bar;  
For all that once hath known  
Your bared soul and mine own  
Still know us as we are.

So if, dear love, in this enchanted place  
My ears were deaf to all melodious sound,  
But still my eyes could brood upon your face,  
Where music holds your soul in gentle swound,  
We should be one, for there my eyes would trace  
All joys wherein our mutual love was found;  
And from your 'raptured soul  
The melody would roll  
To compass mine around.

---

THE MAN'S PRAYER

---

WHEN all is still within these walls,  
And Thy sweet sleep through darkness falls  
On little hearts that trust in me,  
However bitter toil may be,  
For length of days, O Lord! on Thee,  
My spirit calls.

Their daily need by day enthalls  
My hand and brain, but when night falls  
And leaves the questioning spirit free  
To brood upon the days to be,  
For time and strength, O Lord! on Thee  
My spirit calls.

---

THE TRUE VISION

---

PEACE, modest lady, 'tis too much  
That in and out of season  
You put my loving to the touch  
And test of icy reason.  
Why urge that much I see is due  
To "auto-necromancy,"  
That only part of you is you,  
The rest my foolish fancy?

Peace, gentle lady, why protest  
That love hath dulled my vision?  
Can you believe that vision best  
Which boasts of cold precision?  
Oh! rather bless my truer eye—  
Whatever flaws it *can't* see—  
That knows your sweet reality,  
Yet holds you still my fancy.

---

A SONG FOR DECEMBER

---

AUTUMN's fruits are gathered in  
And the birds have taken wing,  
What of pleasure's left to win  
After song and harvesting?  
Winter hath its own delight,  
Garnering in fields of snow  
Berries red and berries white—  
Holly and the mistletoe!

So come, come along!  
Winter's winds shall swell our song,  
While with shouts and merry din  
Comes the Yuletide harvest in!

Age hath reaped its youth and prime  
And the blood stirs cold and thin,  
What for Age hath winter-time?  
What of pleasure's left to win?  
Harvests still of rare delight,  
Joys that once it used to know;  
Berries red and berries white—  
Holly and the mistletoe!

Come, Age, come and sit  
Where the cheery hearth is lit,  
While the young with merry din  
Drag the Yuletide harvest in!

## **IN KINDRED KEYS**



How fared the fight with thee to-day?  
Not well? Ah, nay,  
Thou hast not lost; thou can'st not lose,  
However much they tear and bruise  
The panting breast, the straining thews  
Which are thy spirit's citadel,  
If thou and Faith, upon the walls,  
Are comrades still when darkness falls.  
Rest now! In sleep thy veins shall swell  
With Hope's new wine; and like a bell  
From valleys deep heard on the height,  
Thy 'leagured soul, throughout the night,  
Shall call to thee: "All's well!"

It is thyself alone that may  
Thyself betray.  
Arise again! Arise and fight!  
God's smile is in the morning light;  
Lift thou thy banner brave and bright  
Above thy spirit's citadel!  
What matter if its fall be sure?  
The pilgrim soul thy walls immure,  
Clinging the wings of Azrael,  
In face of all the hordes of hell,  
Shall take, full-armed, its homeward flight,  
And o'er thy ruins, from the height,  
Shall call to thee: "All's well!"



---

TO A VIOLINIST

---

APPLAUSE! A rapturous burst  
Spreads downward from the gods, who see you first  
As you come bouncing in,  
A little fat, unconscious harlequin. \* \* \*  
Clutching your fiddle in your hand,  
Now in midstage you stand,  
Bobbing and bowing, stiffly, jerkily,  
To left, to right, to left.  
And never for a moment still,  
We, in the stalls, we smile to see  
How droll you look; and even when your deft,  
Quick fingers rouse the charm'd strings to your will,  
The laughter, lurking in our lashes still,  
Beats back the elfin voices at our ears.

How like a boat your violin appears  
As, under lowered lids, our listless eyes  
Watch its alternate rise and fall and rise,  
Where, as the music sways, it seems to be  
Tossed by the tempests on a fairy sea. \* \* \*  
And this strange sense, this sense of finer air  
That, like a tide at flood, is everywhere,  
Bearing up from depths unfathomed voices long imprisoned  
there,  
Voices of the singing birds that flattered unto happy tears  
Lovers lingering in the twilights of how many thousand  
years!  
Voices moaning and intoning of old sorrows, hopes and fears!

---

## TO A VIOLINIST

---

Sounds of waves on craggy beaches and of winds that shout  
    above,  
Melting, dwindle to a murmur, like the cooing of the dove,  
Rise again and, waxing stronger, swell into a chant of love.  
Round and round the waves of music sweep through this en-  
    chanted place,  
Catch the souls come forth to listen, trembling on each  
    hearer's face,  
Draw them on and whirl them swiftly, lightly through the  
    fields of space,  
Till the music and its maker and the hearers are as one—  
And the masterwork is done!

Applause, spontaneous, springs,  
Pursues you to the wings  
And hales you out once more.  
Encore! Encore! Encore!  
Come back and bow, bow, bow—  
You are not comic now.

---

TO THE CITY UNBEAUTIFUL

---

THEY are gone! O! implacable City,  
'Twixt a night and a night,  
With no pang of regret or of pity,  
You have slain them outright.  
Though their beauty besought you to spare it,  
To keep it forever and wear it  
For your own and your children's delight,  
You have fattened your greed and you merit  
The squalor your streets shall inherit.

In their innocent glory and grace,  
They, the primeval lords of the place,  
Ere your earliest highway was trod,  
Had grown old in the service of God;  
And with arms lifted up, as in prayer,  
Gave Him thanks for the sunlight and air,  
For the nourishing moss at their feet;  
And the thrushes that made their retreat  
In the heart of this Eden so long,  
For their lodging gave tribute of song.  
E'en the violets, dotting the sward,  
Breathing perfume of prayer to the Lord,  
Paid in full for their leasehold; but you—  
In the service of Mammon, you grew  
To a huddle of houses and mills,  
Spreading squalor through hollows and hills,  
Till your grimy arms reached through your  
smoke  
To this grove of the Poplar and Oak.

---

TO THE CITY UNBEAUTIFUL

---

They are gone! O! implacable City,  
    'Twixt a night and a night,  
With no pang of regret or of pity,  
    You have slain them outright.  
Though their beauty besought you to spare it,  
To keep it forever and wear it  
    For your own and your children's delight,  
You have fattened your greed and you merit  
The squalor your streets shall inherit.

---

A SONG FOR FEBRUARY

---

FEBRUARY!  
Chilly, chary  
Of the vistas visionary  
Through savannas blue and airy,  
Where the fancy seeks to see  
Promise of the days to be!  
Little sun and little blue  
Pierce your dull, gray mantle through;  
Saddest of our months are you,  
February.

Out upon you! We will sing  
To another, kindlier thing,  
Hoping that our song may bring  
Some returning, flashing wing  
Which is augural of spring  
To the heavens' brightening arch.  
Come, then, forward from the South  
Birds with music in the mouth!  
Forward! all ye sleeping seeds,  
Forward! brooks among your reeds,  
Violets and eglantine,  
Forward! all along the line,  
March!

---

## THE BIRTH-MONTH

---

In the merry month of May,  
Gemini, my stars, are swinging  
Midmost in the great sun's way;  
And the marching planets, bringing  
Once again my natal day,  
Strangely stir my heart to singing  
In the merry month of May.

In the merry month of May,  
Life and all it holds is dearer;  
Be the zenith blue or gray—  
Possibly my vision's clearer  
Now than ever, who shall say?—  
Heaven, to me, seems surer, nearer,  
In the merry month of May.

In the merry month of May,  
Closer than my birth-stars, o'er me  
Broods a spirit, bright as they;  
Spirit potent to restore me,  
Blessing still my natal day—  
She, the sainted one who bore me  
In the merry month of May!

---

A SONG FOR JUNE

---

Our purse, my dear, is flat  
(It never yet was fat),  
Our garments worn and sere  
(They were the same last year),  
And frugally we dine  
(Who never craved for wine).  
Admitting that,  
O! why, my dear,  
Repine?  
The merry world's in tune,  
And fruits and flowers thrive  
And robins sing, like mad:  
"Ho! it is June,  
And we're alive;  
Be glad!"

Here are we, still together  
(And richer by the weather);  
There's nothing we would borrow  
(O! certainly not sorrow),  
But just what Heaven lends us  
(This blue sky that attends us).  
Why care a feather  
What the morrow  
Sends us?  
This golden afternoon  
Bees buzz about the hive  
And robins sing, like mad:  
"Ho! it is June,  
And we're alive;  
Be glad!"

---

THE VETERAN MARCHING ALONE

---

WHEN the Post turns out to-morrow  
To honor our martial dead,  
Let them count me among the absent,  
Let them reckon me ill in bed;  
Yet gallant shall be my marching  
And holy the ground I tread.

I have vaunted too long my valor  
And the valor of other men;  
But the wisdom my years denied me—  
My threescore years and ten—  
The dream of a night has supplied me:  
I never shall march again!

For this was the sleep-wrought vision  
That came to me in my bed:  
I was dead; I had passed in battle  
And my warrior-soul had fled  
To the field of the last great muster,  
The bivouac of the dead.

I was one of the countless millions,  
The heroes of many lands;  
Pale spirits who stood in silence  
Awaiting the Lord's commands,  
The vanquished like to the victors  
With drooping palms in their hands.



---

## THE BIRTH O' TAM O' SHANTER

---

[To a friendly challenge from Captain Grose we are indebted for this admirable masterpiece (Tam o' Shanter). Burns having entreated him to make honorable mention of Alloway Kirk in his Antiquities of Scotland, he promised compliance with the request upon condition that the poet should supply him with a metrical witch story as an accompaniment to the engraving. Mrs. Burns it was who related to Kromek the marvelous rapidity with which this poem was produced. According to her, it was the work of a single day, \* \* \* as Alexander Smith puts it, with an exultant chuckle, the best day's work ever done in Scotland since Bruce won Bannockburn. Burns, during the early part of that memorable day, had passed the time alone in pacing his favorite walk upon the river bank. Thither in the afternoon he was followed by his "bonnie Jean" and some of their children. Finding that he was "crooning to himself," and fearing lest their presence might be an interruption, his considerate wife loitered some little distance behind among the bloom and heather with her brood of young ones. There her attention was caught by the poet's impassioned gesticulations. She could hear him repeating aloud, while the tears ran down his face: "Now, Tam! O, Tam! had they been queans." Toward evening, when the storm of composition had fairly run out, Burns, we are told by M'Diarmid, committed the verses to writing upon the top of a sod dyke, overhanging the river; and directly they were completed rushed indoors to read them aloud by the fireside in a tone of rapturous exultation.]—REV. DR. J. LOUGHRAN SCORR, in the Alloway Edition of Burns' Works.

[Read before the Burns Club of St. Louis on January 25, 1916.]

How broke the east upon that day,  
In fire and blood or ashes gray?  
And did a rich or niggard boon  
Of sunlight gild the Nith at noon?  
Who knows or cares? For on that morning,  
When Tam o' Shanter, without warning,  
Came gloriously down to earth,  
The river, singing at his birth,  
Wore on its face a mystic light;  
For in that moment reached its height  
The lyric fire, the dying flare  
From out the heart of Burns of Ayr!

---

THE BIRTH O' TAM O' SHANTER

---

O! little Nith! O! happy river,  
You shall not lose that gleam forever;  
Your waves, whatever moods betide them,  
Shall sing of him who walked beside them  
And from his great heart wove a story  
That was the crown upon his glory.  
And on that morning when he came  
With frenzied eye and cheek aflame  
To feast his soul upon the food  
That poets find in solitude,  
What was the charm you held him with,  
O! helpful little river Nith?  
Ah, well I know the way you did it!  
I shall not mince nor gloss the credit,  
But, auditing the dim dead past,  
Shall here set down your score at last.

To you, that morning (Who shall care  
If skies above were dull or fair?)  
The poet, seeking comfort, brought  
His fecund fancy, big with thought.  
Beside your bonnie banks he walked,  
And ever as he went he talked  
The quaint, blithe things that thronged his brain  
And conned them o'er and o'er again;  
And presently the liquid laughter  
Of pleasant waters gurgled after,  
And, as a voice by harp attended,  
With borrowed beauty grows more splendid,

---

## THE BIRTH O' TAM O' SHANTER

---

So waxed the poet's budding song  
Where light your ripples leaped along.  
You smiled and danced and made your measures  
To match his song of ale-house pleasures,  
Where Tam and cronies came to mingle  
Beside their comfortable ingle;  
But when the "reaming swats" came thicker  
And Robin's tongue, that sang of liquor,  
Grew overloud and full of yearning,  
No doubt you set your rapids churning,  
To draw his thoughts from off the "nappy"  
And keep him singing, blithe and happy.

Then, when he pushed those joys aside  
And sallied forth with Tam to ride,  
(For well you know that Tam o' Shanter  
Was not alone upon that canter)  
How well again his mood was fellowed!  
Among your rocks the thunder bellowed;  
Your spray upon the light breeze passed  
For "rattlin' showers upon the blast";  
You made the "Doon pour all his floods,"  
The "doubling storm roar through the woods";  
And somewhere in your shadows lurk  
The dancers in the ruined kirk.

---

## THE BIRTH O' TAM O' SHANTER

---

But when that dance grew wild and furious  
And Tam, with watching, much too curious;  
And Robin, prattling of the "queans,  
A' plump and strapping in their teens,"  
Seemed bent on lingering overlong,  
I like to think that then the song  
In all your rippling waves you stilled,  
As by the breath of winter chilled,  
That Robin, in the pause, might hear  
His "bonnie Jean" and children near;  
And draw his thoughts from "sarks o' flannel"  
And back into the proper channel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then with your song and liquid laughter  
You rose again to follow after,  
With O! what sympathetic feeling,  
Where faithful Meg, the mare, goes reeling  
Across the bridge that spans the flood,  
By all the ghostly crew pursued,  
And carries off her master, hale,  
But leaves behind her own grey tail.

And when the day was done you knew  
The poet's exaltation, too;  
'Twas yours at fall of dusk to share  
The calm that soothed the Bard of Ayr,  
And through the night, O happy stream!  
You were a music in his dream.

---

THE BIRTH O' TAM O' SHANTER

---

There, musing by some mossy stone,  
Perhaps, ah, yes, you must have known  
That though again upon your shore  
The poet still would walk, no more  
Would Time bring round to you the bliss  
Of any day to match with this—  
The very cap-sheaf on the past,  
The greatest labor and the last.

Oh! in the fire of that one day  
How many years were burned away?  
And in the torrents of his tears  
Were lost how many unborn years?  
For this man took life's cup and laughed  
And strove to drain it at a draught.  
What tragedy was in this mirth,  
O! river, singing at its birth?  
What holocaust was in the light  
With which your morning face was bright?

O! little Nith! O! happy river,  
You shall not lose that gleam forever;  
Your waves, whatever moods betide them,  
Shall sing of him who walked beside them  
And from his great heart wove a story  
That was the crown upon his glory!

---

SUMMER'S SWAN-SONG

---

O! HAVE ye seen Rogue Autumn?  
He's hiding hereabout  
To rob me of my green domain  
And put my birds to rout.  
He's marshaling his army;  
The skirmishers are out.  
"All's well! All's well!" the katydids,  
His nightly pickets, shout.

Rogue Autumn, bold pretender,  
Conspiring with the sun,  
Is working in the morning mists  
That I may be undone.  
Already through my fields and woods  
The fires of treason run;  
My myriad leaves are putting on  
His colors, one by one.

Thy breath at night, Rogue Autumn,  
Strikes chill upon my brow;  
My crown uneasy rests upon  
The head I soon must bow.  
Take thou thy spoil! But there will come  
A mightier than thou,  
Whose winds shall pierce and break thy heart,  
As mine is breaking now!

---

## A SUMMER IDYL

---

THE scene: A public city square,  
With crowded benches here and there.  
The time: A drowsy afternoon,  
Charged with the heady wine of June.  
Chief actors: Voice, Law's voice, supreme  
And harsh with petty power: and Dream,  
A vagrant sprite that stops to play  
'Round one old head unkempt and gray.

*The Dream:*

Ah! rest. How far off seems the street—  
Its heat still tingles in my feet,  
But Lord! how sweet this is, how sweet!—  
And O! the shade, this blessed shade  
That all the little leaves have made—  
The little leaves—they're whispering now—  
Whispering? They're singing on the bough!  
How clear and sweet the whole tree sings—  
Tree? It's a golden bird with wings!  
How soft its back is! Sweet to lie  
Snug in its feathers here and fly  
Where Heaven is so wide and clear—

*The Voice:*

Hey! Set up straight; ye can't sleep here!

---

A SUMMER IDYL

---

*The Dream:*

\* \* \* The nurse-maid smiled,  
But she looked kind; so did the child.  
What dimpled cheeks! so round, so fair,  
Like peaches. \* \* \* Peaches, everywhere!  
Wait, little boy, don't climb the trees.  
See how the fruit swings in the breeze.  
Lie here with me until they fall.  
Here where the grass is thick and tall,  
Stretch yourself out and lie at ease.  
Don't shake! don't shake! don't shake the trees!  
Here they come pelting down like rain—

*The Voice:*

Here, Bo! I warn ye onct again.



*The Dream:*

\* \* \* \* His coat is blue,  
Yet Heaven has the self-same hue;  
How odd! \* \* \* His belt looks tight in back,  
And mine—it never was so slack.  
Somewhere, somewhere, there's bread and meat;  
Somewhere, perhaps, but then the street—  
If I could wet my face and hair  
With water from that fountain there—  
How sparkingly the ripples break,  
And what a pleasant sound they make!  
Drip! drip! \* \* \* the mill-wheel turns so slow,  
So slow, so slow—Ah! there's a fish!  
He's in the net! Now for a dish  
That any royal king might wish! \* \* \*  
O! peaceful pipe beside the fire—  
The moon's up now and rising higher.  
Snug is the camp, crisp-cool the night,  
The embers flare up, warm and bright!  
The waves of heat that beat, beat, beat,  
Upon the weary, way-worn feet—

*The Voice:*

I warned you twice an' now you're done,  
Git out o' here! Move on! move on!

---

“ADA REHAN IS DEAD”

---

THOSE few lines on the printed page  
Call up for me a darkened stage. \* \* \*  
And Fancy in the shadowy wings  
Paints ghosts of dear, once happy things—  
Bright elves which in that place had birth  
Of clear-eyed Truth and frolic Mirth,  
And, having filled their hour of grace,  
Now, mute, on tiptoe, haunt the place. \* \* \*  
Nor light nor any sound is there  
To strike across the brooding air,  
But still a sense above it all  
Of something evil to befall. \* \* \*  
Then sounds, off-stage, one tap—no more—  
As of a knuckle on a door,  
And with the sound a gust upblows,  
Chill as the breath of Arctic snows;  
The grisly call-boy in the dark  
Is waiting at the threshold. Hark!  
He speaks! His tones sepulchral frame  
The loved, but half-forgotten, name.  
A brave, sweet voice makes answering hail,  
And merging with it breaks a wail  
Of sobbing in the upper air. \* \* \*  
A thin light stabs the dark—and there  
A youth—nay, but the merest boy—  
Who loved this Priestess of Pure Joy,  
Leans from the gallery and peers  
Down, stageward, through a mist of tears. \* \* \*

---

“ADA REHAN IS DEAD”

---

The weeping stops; the last faint note  
Chokes back into my aching throat,  
For in this boyish mourner see  
The lad that once I used to be. \* \* \*

With all a boy's abandonment  
I loved her then, this Heaven-sent  
Interpreter of all the moods  
And womanly beatitudes.  
I loved her graceful ways and each  
Delicious little trick of speech  
That marked her dearer than the rest,  
But O! my heart was happiest  
In this, which in that heart I knew:  
That she was wholly sweet and true. \* \* \*  
I mourn for her, but are these tears  
Not also for the buried years?  
And for the thought that with her dies  
Another of the crumbling ties  
Between me and my happy youth?  
Ah, yes, I know it, and the truth  
Makes sudden riot in the heart,  
Where once she queened it with her art.

---

YESTERDAY'S RAIN

---

A SUNDAY misty and wet  
Moves us to chafe and complain,  
Robbed of our outing, and yet  
Came there in yesterday's rain—  
Light as the spray of the sea,  
Soft as the dropping of dew—  
So many blessings to me,  
Surely you noticed them, too.

Windows fronting the East  
Bare of shutter and pane,  
Took, as the light increased,  
Silver driftings of rain.  
Slowly the moisture crept  
Over my pillow and bed  
Drowning the dream I'd kept  
Warm in my drowsy head. \* \* \*

There to me came, as I lay,  
Out of the neighboring woods  
Waking sounds of the day,  
Calls of the solitudes;  
Thrushes caroling near,  
Church-bells over the hill,  
The whine of the housedog here  
Under my window-sill—

---

YESTERDAY'S RAIN

---

But over and through it all  
The liquid laughter of leaves  
Glad for the gifts that fall  
Over the world's wide eaves,  
Glad for the cleansing rain,  
Drenching branches and sod,  
Suckling the ripening grain,  
Plumping beans in the pod. \* \* \*

Possibly, so I thought,  
These are the tears of the bless'd  
Shed for a world distraught  
By hatreds and wild unrest;  
This is a holy rain  
Cleansing the blood-stained sod,  
Bringing to earth again  
Peace and the smile of God. \* \* \*

Call it a mood if you will,  
Call it my fancy alone;  
That may account for it; still,  
Possibly others may own  
Share in this little refrain,  
Share in the blessings I drew  
Out of the mist and the rain.  
Surely, you noticed them, too.

---

BALLADE OF THE SEA

---

MARK and chart my midmost foam;  
Catch and hold my spindrift's snow.  
Is there under God's wide dome  
Anything doth freer go  
Than my pulsing to and fro?  
Save for the eternal One,  
Unto whom my all I owe,  
Lord or mistress have I none.

All the grandeur that was Rome  
Barely set my face aglow;  
Earth it won and made its home;  
But my waves, unbridled so,  
Over buried cities flow.  
Save for the eternal One,  
Unto whom my all I owe,  
Lord or mistress have I none.

Spanish Philip's vaunt the gloom  
Of my coral depths below  
Holds in age-forgotten doom.  
Me may other braggarts know  
Their most sure and potent foe.  
Save for the eternal One,  
Unto whom my all I owe,  
Lord or mistress have I none.

---

BALLADE OF THE SEA

---

L'ENVOI

Prince, thy pride may get thee woe!  
Save for the eternal One,  
Unto whom my all I owe,  
Lord or mistress have I none.

---

THE SONG OF THE MARCH WIND

---

I AM the minstrel, the maker of mirth,  
And the forest my harp is:  
From the fibres asleep in the heart of the earth,  
Where its woof and its warp is,  
I fashion the spring  
With the song that I sing!

I, that am breathed of the mouth of my God,  
Am His music in motion;  
And His breath on my wings shakes the slumbering sod  
And the floor of the ocean;  
And I fashion the spring  
With the song that I sing!

I am the breath of your nostrils, O man!  
And akin to your spirit;  
But our God's voice was mine ere your singing began,  
So rejoice when you hear it;  
For I bring you the spring  
With the song that I sing!



---

FLAG O' MY LAND

---

UP to the breeze of the morning I fling you,  
Blending your folds with the dawn in the sky;  
There let the people behold you, and bring you  
Love and devotion that never shall die.  
Proudly, agaze at your glory, I stand,  
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Standard most glorious! banner of beauty!  
Whither you beckon me there will I go,  
Only to you, after God, is my duty;  
Unto no other allegiance I owe.  
Heart of me, soul of me, yours to command,  
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Pine to palmetto and ocean to ocean,  
Though of strange nations we get our increase,  
Here are your worshipers one in devotion,  
Whether the bugles blow battle or peace.  
Take us and make us your patriot band,  
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Now to the breeze of the morning I give you—  
Ah! but the days when the staff will be bare!  
Teach us to see you and love you and live you  
When the light fades and your folds are not there.  
Dwell in the hearts that are yours to command,  
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

---

DARBY AND JOAN

---

THEY come into the parlor car  
And take their seats beside me.  
How very commonplace they are!  
I know my wife would chide me,  
And call it rude of me to stare  
At this old man and woman,  
But, since they do not seem to care,  
Why shouldn't I be human?  
I've read my paper through and through—  
There's mighty little in it—  
And so I've nothing else to do  
But watch them for a minute.  
They offer little promise, though,  
Of charm to the beholder;  
I judge her sixty-five or so,  
And he a trifle older. \* \* \*

I've watched them for a hundred miles!  
I'd watch another hundred,  
To share the paradise that smiles  
Around them! How I blundered,  
To call this couple commonplace.  
Youth's glory and Romance's  
Play sunnily about each face  
And glimmer in their glances.  
His heart, a bee above the flower,  
Around her form is flitting,  
And she—how well she knows her power!—  
She snares it in her knitting.

---

DARBY AND JOAN

---

Here's Love that is forever new,  
That feasts and still doth hunger—  
Ah! he's eternal twenty-two  
And she a trifle younger.

Let my love, Lord, for my mate grow  
Thus god-like, to enfold her,  
When she is three-score-ten or so,  
And I a trifle older.

---

THE VILLAGE POET

---

WHENEVER it's a Saturday—oh, long before the dew  
Is drunken by the golden sun that climbs the cloudless blue,  
Almost before the nested birds have started in to stir,  
I rise an hour earlier and take a walk with HER.

I wonder if you realize the joy—and joy to spare—  
The May-time morning carries in its lilac-laden air;  
I wonder if you know what lyric breezes are about  
To take the trees and shake their lovely leafy banners out,  
To fill the winds with music and to blow a vagrant tress  
Across your cheek, that burns at such unwonted wantonness.  
Of course you cannot know all this. You would, though, if  
you were  
To rise an hour earlier and take a walk with HER.

I wonder if you know what joys, when morning's gates unlock,  
The winds of May blow round the world 'twixt dawn and six  
o'clock.

I wonder that with droning nose above your blanket's hem  
You lie there in the growing light, oblivious to them.  
How can you be a slug-a-bed and soak yourself in sleep  
When there are in the dewy dells sweet trystings you might  
keep?

Oh! If you'd know the sweetest joy of all that ever were  
You'd rise an hour earlier and take a walk with HER.

That's why when it's a Saturday—oh, long before the dew  
Is drunken by the golden sun that climbs the cloudless blue,  
Almost before the nested birds have started in to stir,  
I rise an hour earlier and take a walk with HER.

---

SMITH OF COMPANY B

---

PERCHED on a soapbox in the crowd,  
Tearful, jubilant, humbled, proud,  
Pierced by the music of fifes and drums,  
Dazed by the roar when the vanguard comes,  
    One of the thousands, She!  
Ah! but the hunger of soul that lies  
Crouched in the mist of her shining eyes  
Leaps at the serried ranks that pass,  
Striving to pick from the marching mass  
    Smith of Company B.

Private Smith, with his head in air,  
Chest well up and shoulders square,  
Thrills to the shouting, down the line,  
Turning the blood in his veins to wine—  
    One of the thousands, She!  
Myriad faces, blurred, he sees,  
Hears the pennons snap in the breeze;  
Hope of fame, pure love of the game,  
Joy in the feel of his rifle, claim  
    Smith of Company B.

Cheers, for the Courage that's yet to prove,  
Lustier ring than the lisp of Love.  
Oh! but the shouts of the crowd are sweet!  
Many the worshipers here in the street—  
    One of the thousands, She!

\* \* \* \* \*

---

**SMITH OF COMPANY B**

---

**Woman, rose of the world, and goal  
Set for the homing soldier's soul,  
Give him now to his hope of fame!  
Let the joy in his rifle claim  
Smith of Company B.**

---

## IN LOCKERBIE STREET

---

James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, died late on Saturday night, July 22, 1916, at his home in Lockerbie Street, Indianapolis.

In the quaint little street, far from noise of the town,  
Soft as petals of roses the Sabbaths come down,  
But never before have those whispering trees  
Taken Sabbath like this from the dawn-risen breeze;  
Sorrow's self lays a finger to lip when they meet,  
For there's crape on a doorbell in Lockerbie street.

And the sun that was wont, for this many a year,  
To peep into a window flung wide to its cheer,  
Finds the casement close-shuttered and blank as the walls;  
And the gold of the morning dejectedly falls  
On the streamer of gloom and of mortal defeat,  
For there's crape on a doorbell in Lockerbie street.

Ah! the dear, tender spirit, so gentle and mild,  
That had given but joy to the heart of the child,  
Here at last wrings the tears from the innocent eyes:  
For each fond little neighbor's awed glance of surprise  
Melts to grief for the friend whom no more he shall meet—  
For there's crape on a doorbell in Lockerbie street.

Ah! but Lockerbie street, you are fixed and secure  
And for ages of sunshine your name shall endure.  
Through you shall come shining the joy of the morn,  
And music to cheer generations unborn,  
For the song of the singer Death cannot defeat,  
Though there's crape on a doorbell in Lockerbie street.









